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THE

SAILOR's FAREWELL;

OR, THE

GUINEA OUTFIT.

A

COMEDY,

In THREE ACTS.

First Edition.

By. THOMAS BOULTON.

LIVERPOOL:
Printed for the Author, in the Year M,DCC,LXVIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Captain *Sharp*,	Maſter of a Veſſel lying in the River.
Will Whiff,	Mate of ditto.
Thomas Free,	Doctor.
Murphy O'Fegan,	Doctor's Mate.
Peter Pipe,	Boatſwain.
Joe Chiſſel,	Carpenter.
Will Whiſtle,	Sailors.
Joe Jibb,	Sailors.
Tom Bowlin,	Sailors.
Jack Ratlin,	Sailors.
Squire Cateſby,	A Country Gentleman.
Squire Hard,	A Citizen & Father to *Kitty*.
Joſeph Cateſby,	Couſin to 'Squire *Cateſby*.
Bob Bluff,	A Clown.

WOMEN.

Kitty,	Daughter to 'Squire *Hard*, and in Love with Dr. *Free*.
Betty,	A Servant.
Matty,	Ditto.
Nelly,	Sailors Wives.
Sue,	Sailors Wives.
Molly,	Sailors Wives.
Mrs. *Cobweb*,	A Landlady.
Mrs. Selfiſh,	Ditto.

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THE SAILOR's FAREWELL; OR, THE GUINEA OUTFIT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Liverpool Exchange.

Enter Captain *and* Whiff.

CAPTAIN.

WELL, pox take all whores, players, and and public houſes; eight days has the ſnow been in the river, with the wind at North Eaſt, and not a man to be got.

Whiff. From five o'clock this morning have I been in ſearch of people, and have had pretty good ſucceſs. Let me ſee, in Popular-wient, engag'd two ſtout fellows, at Mrs. Cobweb's, made other three drunk! left orders with their landlady to keep them ſo at my expence—— Gave a new-married wife a guinea, and a glaſs of gin, to perſuade her huſband to go to ſea.

Capt. Well, come, Mr. Whiff, you've made a good day's work of it; you muſt put freſh baits to your hooks, and have a ſecond caſt. We ſhall want half a dozen landmen; they, you know, may be eaſily hook'd; you may ſhip me-----Let me ſee, at leaſt eight boatſwains, four ſuper-cargo's, and as many mates as can be perſuaded to exchange ſix months winter for twelve months ſummer. There are, I hear, two boarders at the French-horn, juſt come home from the Streights; but you are to obſerve, they are both married but I ſhall ſay no more. I queſtion not your ability. In gaining the conſent of their wives, remember the grand provocative flip: ply them well with flip and fair promiſes. Shew a tar the bottle, glaſs, and ſalt water, and he immediately becomes amphibious. I'll ſee you again this evening, 'till when make good uſe of your time [*Exit* Capt. *and* Whiff.

A Publick Houſe. Two Sailors, WILL, TOM, MOLLY *and* NELLY.

WILL *ſings.*

From a tedious, long voyage I'm returned once more,
An have my dear Nelly in view,
I've weather'd all ſtorms and am juſt come on ſhore,
To partake of ſome pleaſure with you.
What tho' I've been abſent a twelvemonth, my dear,
To my charmer I've ever been true;
I ſcorn, in your abſence, e'er wildly to ſteer,
For my joys are all center'd in you.
Since abſent I've been, many girls have I ſeen,
And into my arms they have flew;
Girls blooming in youth, and ſcarcely ſixteen,
But, by Jove, I had not forgot you. 'Till

Till closely attack'd by a tight rigged lass,
By Neptune, near Nell, it is true,
I gave her a kiss, nor thought it amiss,
Until I bethought me of you.

NELL.

Since you've been absent from these arms,
Beaux have attacked me in swarms,
In hopes to gain their will;
But never shall while I have life,
With all their arts, o'ercome the wife
Of gallant sailor Will.

Will Wife, aye, dam'me, Nell, thou'rt my wife, my life, my sheet anchor, my buoy and buoy rope, my sheet cable. Why, if thou did'st not bring me up, I should founder on the rocks of New-street, or run aboard some of the vessels in Populary-wient.

Enter WHIFF, *sings.*

When first I did my Nelly see,
I view'd her lovely frame;
A spark of love just rose in me,
Which kindled to a flame.
E'er since which blest'd and happy hour,
I feel the pleasing smart;
Nor do I blush to own the power
Dear Nell has o'er my heart.

Nell. A charming voice.
Moll. A very handsome man.
Whiff. Your servant ladies. I beg your pardon for this intrusion, I really did not see you. Your servant Gentlemen. [*To the* Sailors.

Nell. Sir, we don't look upon it as an intruſion, but rather a compliment. to be favoured with a ſong from ſuch a proficient in muſick.

Whiff Ladies, you are pleaſed to pay me a compliment that is not due to a perſon who has ſo hoarſe a voice.

Will. Hoarſe, it's the better for being hoarſe; there's my meſſmate Tom there, has as hoarſe a voice as e'er a boatſwain's mate in the navy-----and he ſings a good ſong.

Whiff. Ladies, would you drink a glaſs of wine?

Women. No ſir, we are much obliged to you.

Whiff. Would you drink any thing elſe? Gentlemen you are perhaps better acquainted with the taſte of the Ladies than I-----how do you think a little flip wou'd anſwer?

Will. Why, ſir, in my opinion a little flip wou'd be more agreeable than any other liquor; for we who uſe the Streights are cloy'd with drinking wine. I had a meſſmate, do you ſee, ſir, took it in his head to go a privateering by land, and brought too a nobleman, uncaſed him, and took all his valuable rigging from him; and dreſſing himſelf in the nobleman's cloath's, away he ſteers to a bagnio, drinks wine till he was ſo crank he could not carry ſail------and before he could clear the coaſt, he was taken and condemned for fighting under falſe colours. I remember his dying ſpeech very well---Will, he call'd to me, as he went up the ſhrouds to be ſwung off the yard-arm, never drink any wine, eſpecially when you're in chace,--I ſhall never forget him, when I handed a good can of flip to him---aye, ſays he, had I drunk ſuch ſtuff as this, I ſhould have ſailed on my own bottom many cruiſes yet. I never ſaw a fellow

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behave ſo well in my life---he never ſpoke another word, only called the hangman a ſon of a bitch for not providing him with a better top rope.

Whiff. Poor fellow, I ſaw juſt ſuch another inſtance on board our ſhip, when we went in ſearch of the Marſhal Belliſle. A poor fellow got on ſhore at Carrickfergus, and ſo he----

Will. He was hanged, eh. Poor fellow! Was you on board the Belliſle?

Whiff O yes, and was very well beloved by Monſieur Thurot's lady. After we had boarded her, and Thurot was killed, I went down, and ſaw the young lady almoſt dead on the cabbin ſheets for fear, I brought her to herſelf---She ſhew'd me all ſhe was worth on board--inſiſted on my accepting a gold watch, which I did; together with ſome very neat ladies ſilk mittens---if I miſtake not, Mrs. Selfiſh has a couple of pairs of them in her cuſtody, which if theſe ladies will accept of, they are at your ſervice.

Women. Sir, we give you thanks, and wiſh we had it in our power to return you kindneſs in a ſuitable manner.

Whiff. Ladies, there's no need of apologies. I think it my duty to oblige the ladies, eſpecially if they belong to a brother ſailor----I was always a ſeaman's friend, and ever ſhall be as far as lies in my power. I was brought up at ſea, and at this time belong to as fine a veſſel as ever carried canvaſs. I ſhould have ſailed a week ago, only I can't get officers to pleaſe me; I have ſhip'd all my people this ten days, and as they are all good men, I have no notion of them being commanded by cane officers, ---No, no, my mates ſhall both of them be men that have humanity in them.

Nell. There's an honeſt man, I wiſh you could get ſuch a Captain.

Moll. I wiſh I was a man, and underſtood how to ſail a ſhip.

Whiff. Nay, Ladies, your delicacy woul'd not bear the hardſhips that we tars cope with--a needle looks better in a ladies hand than a marlinſpike, and a thread than a ſeven inch hawſer.--No, no, 'tis men that are deſign'd for ſuch employments and 'tis men I want. What do you ſay, gentlemen? I imagine you can either of you handle a quadrant, or if you can't there is a boatſwain's or a gunner's birth vacant:—But drink, gentlemen, if we are not ſhipmates we can drink together:——Ladies, I beg your pardons, I had almoſt forgot my promiſe. Mrs. Selfiſh, will you bring the ladies mittens here, that I deſired you to take care of?

Enter Mrs. SELFISH.

Selfiſh. Here they are, Sir, my daughter has taken a particular fancy to a pair of them; if they are to be diſpoſed of, I would gladly have a pair for her.

Whiff. They belong to theſe Ladies; but could I oblige Miſs in another point, I would gladly do it; *(gives them the mittens)* there, Ladies, I wiſh they were more valuable for your ſakes.

Moll. Sir, I'm much obliged to you, (O the dear Captain.) [*aſide.*

Nell. Thank you, Sir; I heartily thank you Sir, O the charming creature, bleſs me how broad he is over the ſhoulders. [*aſide to moll.*

Will. Well, Sir, if you are not provided with a boatſwain I ſhall go, if I can perſuade Tom (here) to go.—What does my Nelly ſay?

NELLY

NELLY.

Who can refuſe ſo good an offer,
The Captain he does nobly proffer.

WILL.

Well ſince my Nelly tells me ſo,
I'm determin'd for to go.

Tom. I am ſorry to part with an old ſhipmate, but dam me if I an't loather to leave my Moll—tho' what do you ſay, Molly;

Whiff. Come, Mrs. Molly, give your conſent for your huſband to be made an officer of—I'll enſure his coming ſafe back, ſound wind and limb.

Molly. I would not have him go againſt his will but if you get his conſent, you ſhall have mine.

WILL.

How now, my friend Tom, what makes thee ſo dull,
Leave off all this whining and be not a fool;
Forget theſe pretences of ſtaying with the wenches,
'Tis far worſe than leading the life of a dog?
Be not melancholy, nor think more of Molly,
But waſh out her remembrance with life giving grogg.

Whiff. That's nobly done, brother Will; come let's take the other drink. Ladies both your healths ——come, brothers, here's ſucceſs to the voyage—— but I ſhall not perſuade you any way, no, dam me, it ſhall never be ſaid of Will Whiff, that he cauſed uneaſineſs between man and wife, ſo once again ladies, here's your healths. [*drinks.*

Nell. He's a fine man, is not he? he's very ſenſible and good natured. [*aſide to* Moll.

Moll.

Moll. Aye, if all the Guinea Captains were of as ſweet a temper, they would not want men to go with them—ſee what a pretty eye he has.

Whiff. Well, brother, if you'll not ſhip with me, let me give you a little advice; You've not been long at home; the preſs in this place is very hot, and to convince you that I abhor flattery, and am your friend and well-wiſher, pleaſe to accept of this protection, call yourſelf William whiff, ſhew the preſs maſter this paper, and bid them defiance.

Moll. [*Running and taking him by the hand*] O generous Captain, he ſhall go. How can you deny ſo good a gentleman?

Tom. Well, ſir, I'm reſolved to go with you if you were bound to Strombelo and loaded with gunpowder.

Whiff. That's ſpoke like an admiral come then ladies, you'll accompany us to our rendeſvous, for I keep open houſe for all comers and goers.

Sings.

Let the timorous ſoul live in quiet at home,
While we ſons of Neptune at liberty roam;
'Tis honour and wealth that we tars do purſue,
And the good of our owners is all we've in view.
Then come my brave lads, now with one accord,
And follow, follow, &c. *each other on board.*

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

Enter Captain SHARP, *diſcovers* Sailors *with each a Girl, drinking.*

Capt. Servant gentlemen, ladies your moſt obedient.

Sailors. Servant ſir, ſervant. [*Tom bowlin drinks.*]

Come

Come, Molly, my dear, here's luck and fortune; thou're a tight wench enough, only thou carries ſuch a tor't weather helm, there's no keeping thee out of the wind.

Capt. Why, brother, you perhaps take in her head-ſails too often.

Tom Bowlin. I never take in any ſail at all—only now and then ſhe's ſo damn'd crank, I'm obliged to heave her too under bare poles—but come, Moll, drink and be in a good humour.

Moll No, I'll drink none of your traſh, I aſked for a little punch, but you, to be ſure muſt drink rum and water.

Tom. Grog, Moll, grog—the liquor of life and the ſoul of a-ſailor.

Capt. Some punch, ho! Grog is a wholeſome drink I muſt own; but the ladies have a different opinion of liquors to we men—I dare vouch for this lady, that ſhe would prefer a diſh of chocolate before a tankard of rum and water.

Enter Landlady, *with a Tankard of Punch.*

Landlady. Capt. Sharp your ſervant. I wanted to ſee you—I heard you ſay you wanted a Doctor; I have a boarder here, a very likely man, juſt come from Ireland, I would recommend him to you, and expect him in to tea this evening.

Capt. Well, well, I ſhall ſtay to tea, and wait of the gentlemen. Ladies and gentlemen I hope you'll favour me with your company.

Joe Jibb. Aye, we'll be a can with you with all our hearts—but as for tea, I'm no tea man.

Capt. Well, gentlemen, as I am by myſelf, I hope you'll permit theſe ladies to take a diſh or two along with

with me; and if you'll accompany them you ſhall be welcome; In the mean time, ladies your healths —Gentlemen yours—punch is a fine liquor indeed—very palatable; it's ladies liquor—Why the empreſs of Ruſſia drinks nothing elſe.

Moll. Why yes, I told him ſo, but he would not be adviſed by me.

Capt. Well never mind it Molly; rum and ſugar are two great preſervatives, but then a little acid or ſouring makes an addition to its flavour.

Tom. Souring, give her no ſouring, ſhe's ſour enough already.

Joe Jibb. Come, come, meſſmate, don't be ſo rough with her; the beſt veſſel in the navy may become leaky if ſhe's carried too hard upon.

Moll. Aye, a barbarous creature, he does all he can to put upon me.

Tom Yes, but you take care to behave like a camel—and lie down when you're heavy loaden.

Sukey. O fie, Mr. Bowlin, I could not have thought it of you.

Capt. Come, ladies, make yourſelves eaſy, the gentleman only jokes with you, I dare ſay——Gentlemen, come, what do you ſay to a ſong.

Mrs. Cobweb. O lack a daiſy, aye, a ſong—for as Mr. Shickſpur ſays, muſic has charms to ſooth the ſavage bear.

Sally. O law, that's true; Mrs. Cobweb did you ever read, how that the firſt fidler that ever was in the world, made the very ſtones to dance.

Mrs Cobweb. O dear me, yes ſure; why old lame Giles the fidler, that attends my houſe, remembers him very well.

Jack

Jack Ratlin. Come, come, mother Cobweb, make us another can, what ſignifies a breeze if we don't carry ſail to it.——Come, ſir, will you give us a bit of a touch?

Capt. Aye, by all means; come, ladies, drink, ſoſe it's almoſt tea time, and not finiſh'd this tankard; come ladies, here's my ſervice to you. Gentlemen your healths. [*drinks*] Now ladies and gentlemen drink round, and then we'll have a ſong.

J. Jibb. Come, ſir, here's luck to you; ladies your healths. Suſie here's ſucceſs to thee, my girl; thou'll be lying in a good harbour, when I'm beating to windward. Be adviſed, Suſie, and don't drive from thy moorings, 'till I'm within hail of thee; for in me, Sue, thou ſhalt always find a good pilot.

Sue. Why my Joe, are you going ſo ſoon to ſea?

Joe. Going, aye, the firſt offer.

Capt. Then I'm your man, you ſhall have as good encouragement from me, as from any perſon in the river.

Joe. What ſhip, ſir, and where bound to?

Capt. No ſhip, ſir, but as fine a ſnow as ever ſwam the ſeas, and bound to the healthieſt part of the coaſt; the voyge will be but ſhort, but the wage will be higher than what is given to any part of America.

Tom. Guinea is a bad place to go to; and the uſage, I've heard, is worſe than the place itſelf.

Capt. No, Gentlemen it is not the place, but the name of the place that is bad—Why now, gentlemen, becauſe I'm drinking and making merry with a brother ſailor, here's perhaps another Captain comes in, who calls me a low-liv'd fellow; and if he hears my name mentioned in public company, he tells them,

them, aye, ſays he, I ſaw him drinking with a parcel of ſailors—Now I only aſk you, ladies and gentlemen, what worſe I am for making free with a brother tar—I was brought up a ſailor—I did not get my bread by keeping the fireſide abroad; no and dam'me ſhew me the man that ſays I am a low liv'd fellow, for taking a pleaſure in promoting the intereſt of an honeſt ſeaman, and I'll make him repent the time he ever affronted Jack Sharp—Jack Sharp, gentlemen, aye, that's my name; I'm none of your Mr. nor your Captain; call me Jack Sharp, and a ſeaman, and dam'me if I want any other name—I'm the ſame thing ſea or a ſhore.

Moll. God bleſs him, he's a very free good natured man.

Sally. Aye that he is, and ſings a fine ſong—bleſs him, he gave me a ſuit of ribbands the other day, and did ſo teaze me, I wiſh I may die if I was not frightened out of my wits; for my mother does not like him, and when ſhe came in, I'd my cap off, and was wringing wet with ſweat.

Joe Jibb. Well, ſir, *forty Shillings* is given—Now I ſuppoſe you'll give the ſame; if ſo be you will, why, do you ſee, we'll all five go with you.

SUE Sings.

O my dear, my lovely Joe.
Will you from your Sukey go;
Will you leave your conſtant Sue,
Stay at home, my Joe, do.

JOE

Deareſt Suſie pray be eaſy,
'Tis in vain for you to teaze me;

Tho'

Tho' abſent I'll be true,
To my dear, my lovely Sue.

SUE.

Ah, Joey, you'd make me believe,
You're conſtant while away,
Can you Sukey ſo deceive,
When you with lack girls play.

JOE.

Be pacified, charming Sue, my dear,
Be eaſy my deareſt Sue,
When no danger is near, there's nothing to fear,
Thy Joey will prove true.

Capt. Come, ladies, I promiſed to ſing a ſong; Mrs Sukey, make yourſelf eaſy, for tears avail nothing—it's as much impoſſible for a ſailor to live on ſhore, as it is for a Lady of 5000 l. fortune, to live upon water gruel—a fiſh out of water is not half ſo reſtleſs—a maid of twenty-three not more eaſy—nor one of thirty more in deſpair.

Joe. But the ſong, ſir, the ſong.

CAPTAIN ſings.

To baniſh all grief, and to paſs away care,
From inſipid reflections refrain;
Should trouble or care with your joys interfere,
Waſh them off with the juice of the cane.

Pray what made we tars with ſuch vigour to fight,
And ſo many victories gain;
What put all the Spaniards and Frenchmen to flight,
But tars, and the juice of the cane.

Had

Had Madrid and Paris been joined in one,
Or even was all France and Spain;
Like Martinique ſtock'd with ſugar and rum,
Britiſh tars would it certainly gain.

But garlick and ſoup, of their produce being chief,
Such living as Britons diſdain;
We thought it much better to feaſt on roaſt beef,
Waſh'd down with the juice of the cane.

SAILORS Chorus.

But garlick and ſoup, of their produce being chief, &c.
Huzza for beef and liberty.

Enter Doctor O'FEGAN.

Doctor. *Huzza for potatoes and beef.*

Mrs. Cobweb. Come, doctor, you've not been as good as your word; it's almoſt four o'clock. Here's Captain Sharp has been waiting for you theſe three hours—Captain Sharp, this is the doctor I told you of.

Capt. Doctor, your moſt obedient.

Doctor. Sir, your moſt obſequious.

Capt. Mrs. Cobweb has been pleaſed to recommend you to me, as a perſon willing and qualified to go ſurgeon to Africa, which if you are, ſir, I command as fine a veſſel as ever ſail'd the ſeas, and ſhall do all that lies in my power to make things as agreeable to you as poſſible.

Doctor. O as to that, ſir, things may be eaſily made agreeable to me; for I'm pretty well accuſtom'd to go to ſea. It is only five days ago I left Limerick; there was nineteen of us on board, and every ſhoul ſhick of the ſhea, but myſelf and Daniel O'Dempſey, the ſhoe-builder's ſon in Youghall.

Capt.

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Capt. I ſuppoſe Mr. O'Demſey was the captain.

Doctor. Captain, oh! who the devil made a ſhoe-builder's ſhon a captain—indeed he hoiſted the wings of the ſhip, but devil a more did he do, only making his game of the poor fellow that ſtood at one end of the ſhip, with a long pole in his hand to guide her; and every now and then he would cry ſtarboard, ſtuddy, and ſuch gibberiſh, as the devil himſelf could not underſtand.

Capt. What, had you no captain then?

Doctor. No; Michael O'Conner and I had a long diſpute about it; but I thought it was not worth my notice to talk about it, ſho I let him take her. We were four days on our paſſage, and had not ſo much as a pint of whiſky on board.

Capt. You were badly off, indeed Doctor.

Mrs. Cobweb. Aye, poor ſoul, after having lived ſo well at home; why, when my ſon firſt went to ſea, he could not endure fat meat; and the hard hearted wretches would not ſo much as let him have a little lean beef haſhed up; nor a bit of toaſted cheeſe; nor nothing in the varſal world.

Capt. Hard uſage, indeed, Mrs. Cobweb. (*to the Doctor*) Pray, ſir, where might you be brought up?

Doctor. Born, ſir; why I was born in Ballatague, educated in Dublin; brought up under the great Monroe in Edenburgh, was a pupil to the great Boerhaave, at Leyden; attended Hunter's lectures at London; and travelled by water to Liverpool.

Capt. Your name, ſir, if you pleaſe.

Doctor. My name, ſir, is Murphy O'Fegan. Teady O'Fegan, who beat the White boys, was my father; I am the ſeventh ſon of my father, and the

one-and-twentieth child my mother ever bore, I underſtand the articulation of the human frame; mankind is made up of blood, bone and griſtle; and womankind is made much the ſame way, only they have more tongue, and leſs conſcience than man. I am likewiſe acquainted with all the diſorders that attend the human body. In fevers, I always give diuretieks; in fluxes, aſtringents; in ſcorbutics, cathartics; in plethoric habits, phlebotomy; and to lethargic and lazy people, no victuals or drink. Pray, captain, do you underſtand latin?

Capt. No, ſir, nor greek neither.

Doctor. Well, that's a misfortune; why, ſhir, the very laſt word I ſaid was latin. Did you ever hear of the great Monroe in Edenburgh?

Capt. I have heard of him, but never ſaw the gentleman.

Doctor. Well, ſir, then you muſt know, that he and I were two old cronies together; and many a time would he cry, when we've been diſſecting a human body. Oh! he would cry, were I not the great Monroe, I could wiſh to be doctor O'Fegan.

Capt. Well, doctor, in a word, if you are willing to go ſurgeon's mate, on board the Diſpatch, you ſhall meet with as good encouragement as is given out of this, or any other port. You're young and unacquainted with the coaſt of Africa. But as I have an eſteem for gentlemen of your country, and ſenſible that there are in Ireland many deſerving brave men; I would willingly employ you. I have already ſhip'd a ſurgeon, a very good temper'd gentleman; and am of opinion you'll agree very well together.

Doctor. By my ſhoul, captain, you talk as well as if you had been brought up in the ſhitty of Dublin.

Capt.

Capt. I'm a well-wiſher to the place, tho' not a native; but without further ceremony, ſir, if you are willing to go, you ſhall have *three pounds ten ſhillings* per month.

Doctor. Well, captain, give me your hand. I'll go with you. But pray won't we meet Ireland, as we go to Guinea.

Capt. Yes, yes, doctor, you'll ſee Ireland.

Doctor. That's right——Mrs. Cobweb, is the tea-pot on the fire?

Mrs. Cobweb. Yes, ſure, the tea-pot has been ready this half hour, in the back parlour.

Capt. Well, come ladies and gentlemen, will you walk in to tea.

Sailors. Aye, aye, come let's go; mother Cobweb, bring a glaſs of rum in, I'll have mine lined. [Exit.

Song by Doctor O'FEGAN.

If e'er I come home, which I certainly will,
If the blackamoor negroes poor Murphy don't kill,
Three tails to my wig I will have, I declare,
And a ſword of at leaſt two fathom I'll wear.

I'll land ſafe in Ireland, ſomewhere about Cork,
And there will I paſs for the great Duke of York,
And then to be ſure, to heighten the ſcenes,
I'll throw to the rabble a heap of thirteens.

Old Teady, my father, to ſee ſo much pelf,
Will never know me; I ſhall ſcarce know myſelf:
My ſiſter affrighted, from my long ſword ſhall run,
And my mammy not know poor Murphy her ſon.

My old maſter the barber, to be ſure will be there,
To ſee me ſo dreſt he will dammably ſtare,
He'll talk to me in Iriſh, which I won't underſtand,
But I'll give him a kick with the back of my hand.

ACT II.

SCENE, a commodious Houſe.

Enter Doctor FREE, *and Miſs* KITTY.

Kitty. Be perſuaded, ſir, time may ſoften my obdurate father's heart, and we may yet be happy.

Doctor. Yes, my dear, time to be ſure determines all things, and will doubtleſs bring me back to your arms; and perhaps in a ſituation to make us both happy, regardleſs of your father's diſpleaſure.

Kitty. Ah! ſir, but what dangers and difficulties may you meet with, that may put a period to all our hopes and wiſhes, expoſed to the ſcorching ſun, and open to the pernicious dew, or you may meet with temptations, and forget your Kitty.

Doctor. And does my Kitty ſuſpect my truth and conſtancy; forbid it, heavens!

'Tis ſhe, and ſhe alone, that ſhall controul
The inmoſt thoughts and wiſhes of my ſoul;
Time ſhall not change, nor abſence e'er remove
A ſingle jot of my unbounded love.

KITTY ſings.

Your truth I don't in queſtion call,
But Oh! how can I bear,
Thus to part with my life, my all,
And not let fall a tear.

Say can the winter's froſt and ſnow,
Life to the primroſe give?
Can I, if Thomas from me go,
Oh! can his Kitty live?

DOCTOR

DOCTOR ſings.

In Winter the primroſes fade,
In Summer more bright to return,
So droopeth each true-hearted Maid,
When from her her true-love is gone.
But when the cold winter is o'er,
And ſummer the miſt doth expell,
The beauty returns to the flower,
And fragrant as ever doth ſmell.

SCENE V.

Enter Mr. HARD *and* KITTY.

Hard. Come hither, Kitt: I find I muſt keep a maſtiff dog about my houſe, or there will be no ſuch thing as living in ſafety.

Kitty. A maſtiff dog, what means my dear Papa!

Hard. Mean, huſſy, why I mean to prevent that dog of a Doctor ſtealing my forward daughter.

Kitty. I hope, ſir, your daughter's conduct is a ſufficient defence for her perſon, without being guarded by a maſtiff dog.

Hard. Way aye, I hope ſo too, Kitt. But pray thee in the name of fortune, what has that coxcomb in him ſo bewitching.

Kitty. Well, Papa, I hope you will not be offended if I give you my opinion of Mr. Free.

Hard No, child, no; but don't let thy opinion differ from mine.

KITTY ſings.

When my mamma you firſt did chuſe,
Say was it for her pelf?

Hard. No, Kitt, no——thy mother was a notable woman.

Kitty. Then, ſir, I hope you'll me excuſe,
If I chuſe for myſelf.

Hard. Aye, aye, Kitt, but not ſo haſty neither, you muſt not touch and take. I always like to ſee a young lady chuſe with judgment.

Kitty. Well, papa, will you give your opinion of my judgment, I have placed my affections on a young gentleman. I chuſe him young, becauſe differences in age often cauſes inquietude in families—he's genteel, affable and good temper'd. He has much of the ſcholar and gentleman in him; all which, adorn'd and poliſh'd with the chriſtian, in my opinion, makes him a compleat man.

Hard. I find thou has examined his cloaths, but not his pockets—why, thou has forgot the main point. He's young and genteel, affable and good natured, but no money—now does thou hear me, Kitt; his gentility muſt be kept up, or his affability and good temper will four; and then, if he's a ſcholar, he muſt have a large library of books.—But I think thou ſaid he was much of a gentleman; that's as much as to ſay, he'll want a deal of fine cloaths; but thou ſhould not have ſaid he was a chriſtian, for I'm ſure no chriſtian would attempt to run away with another man's daughter; this is no match for thee, child—what, becauſe the puppy can talk over a little latin, I ſuppoſe, he's to have a wife and five hundred a year—no, no, I'll have no ſuch matches thou ſhall be married to 'Squire Careſby—'ſblood there's a man for you, has two hundred a year, Kitt, in land; and three thouſand pounds in the bank; and in his prime too, only turned of thirty odd years of age, my wench, and all his pockets full.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, 'Squire Cateſby waits on you in the hall.

Hard. I'll wait on him directly; ſo Kitt, now thou'll ſee him—But pox take it, forget this doctor. *Exit.*

KITTY ſings.

If you can exchange night for day,
If you can the mountains remove;
My papa I would ſurely obey,
And deteſt the dear man that I love.

But oh! ſay ſhall that ever be,
Both nature and reaſon ſays no;
Reaſon urges, papa to obey,
Nature tells me with Thomas to go.

I'm come to a final determination, and am reſolved not to be plagued with the addreſſes of a man, who is fitter to be my father than my huſband, and yet unfit for either: Betty—

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Did you call, miſs?

Kitty. Yes, Betty, I am going to make you my confident; you are already acquainted with my intimacy with doctor Free.

Betty. Dear me, yes ſure—poor ſoul, he came laſt night, and ſtood before the door two hours; and laſt night was a very cold night; my maſter took notice of him too, and aſked me to deſire him to ſtep in out of the rain—but when Matty ſaid it was the doctor, away he ſends me to Capt. Kennel's, to borrow his big dog Jowler: I'd no ſooner brought him in at the back-door, but my maſter open the front door,

and ſet him at the poor gentleman— he no ſooner ſaw the cur make at him, but drew his ſword, and ran it quite through him; and Capt. Kennel is playing the very vengeance about it.

Kitty. Well, well; to night he ſhall meet with a better reception—Here, Betty, take this letter and go to the Talbot, deliver it into no ones hands but his, and wait for an anſwer. [*Exit* Betty.

I'll receive this booby's viſit for once, in order to pleaſe my father.——Well, this is a rare invention. Let me ſee, will it admit of any alteration. [*reads*] *Sir, to-morrow morning is my father (as I'm inform'd by the bearer of this) determin'd to carry me to 'Squire Cateſby's, fourteen miles from this place, and with what intention the bearer will inform you ——As you are not acquainted with the ſeveral doors of our houſe, would have you diſguiſe yourſelf, and paſs for 'Squire Cateſby's couſin; and by enquiring if he's gone, which he will be by five o'clock this evening, you will, I dare ſay, meet with a better reception than you did laſt night——a double horſe will be neceſſary. Mind and forget not the Lancaſhire dialect; nor take any notice before my father of*

CATHERINE HARD.

But here they come, now flattery aſſiſt me.

Enter HARD *and* 'SQUIRE.

Hard. Kitty, Kitty, here's 'Squire Cateſby's come to ſee thee.

Enter 'Squire with a whip and pair of dirty boots on.

'Squire. Aye, by the maſs am I, miſs, and have been up to'th knees i'th' ſlutch.

Kitty. I'm very ſorry that 'Squire Cateſby ſhould put himſelf to any trouble on my account.

'Squire. Nay, miſs, as to that it's no trouble at all; but you'll give us a kiſs, waint yo, miſs Kitty?

Kitty.

Kitty. A polite queſtion indeed. [*aſide.*

Hard. Come, come, Kitt, give the 'Squire a kiſs.

Kitty. [*aſide*] I think if it's not worth coming for, 'tis ſcarce worth having. [*Squire kiſſes her*]

'Squire. God bleſs her little heart, hoo has a breath as ſweet as a honey-ſuckle—yo'll come and ſee us to-morrow, waint yo, Kitty; and your father'll come along with you.

Kitty. My father's will ſhall be obey'd, ſir, (only in one point, *aſide*)

'Squire. That's well ſpoke, Kitty; obey your father, that your days may be long in the land, as the catechis ſays——you've learn'd your catechis, 'aint you?

Hard. Catechiſm, aye, this nine years; why, zooks, ſhe could ſay her catechiſm eight years ſince.

'Squire. Why that's ſomething like, there's one of my tenant's ſons has been at my houſe theſe three years, and couſin Joe can't get him to learn his catechis, do what he will, and Joe's as fine a ſcholar as any within thirty miles of us: I've heard that very young man hold an argument with parſon Goff—and, I can tell you, Goff's a ſcholar too—

Hard. Aye, that may be—but you know there's none ſo good, but there's others as good—why there's my daughter tho' I ſhould not ſay it before her face, but yet I will ſay it, that there's not a wench in all Lancaſhire, that knows more of the world for her years.

'Squire. Aye, that I don't doubt, but yet in the country you ſee, we've an opportunity of many ſights, as ſhe can't have in town: there'll be hay making coming on, in a ſhort time——now there'll be rare ſport

ſport at hay-making.—zouns to ſee all the lads and wenches about the town, rowling and tumbling.

Hard. Fine ſport indeed—well Kitt, thee and I'll go and have a look at them—So do you hear, Kitty, get all your cloaths pack'd up, and tell Betty to get me ſome clean linen ready; for we'll ſet out by day light in the morning.

Kitty. Very well—I'll provide myſelf for the Journey.

Squire. That's well ſaid again, Kitty talks rarely I proteſt—come it's almoſt five o'clock; give us another ſmack of your pretty lips, and then I'll [*kiſſes her.*] well, we ſhall ſee you to-morrow—ſhan't we.

Kitty. I hope not. [*aſide.*

Hard. O yes, you may depend upon our being with you to dinner, at the furtheſt.

Squire. Well, I won't dine till you come—farewell Miſs Kitty.

Kitty. Then you'll not dine this two days. [*aſide,*

Exit HARD *and* SQUIRE.

Enter BETTY.

Kitty. Did you ſee the doctor?

Betty. See him yes; but never did I ſee ſuch another, ſince the very hour I was born—as ſoon as I gave him the letter, he tore it open ſo eagerly to read it, as I never ſaw in my days: then he kiſs'd it I dare ſay twenty times—he call'd for the waiter, to pay him for the bowl of punch he was drinking; and in the hurry, gave him half a guinea inſtead of ſixpence——He was ſo glad and ſo joyful, that he could not write an anſwer, but beg'd me to tell you that he'd be here by ſix o'clock; and that a ſailor belonging to a ſhip he is going in, will be ready with

with a couple of horſes about twelve, at the upper of our ſtreet.

Kitty. I could almoſt kiſs thee myſelf, for thy good news. I deſire Betty, you'll behave as if you knew nothing of him, when he comes; if you chance to laugh, or ſhew any freedom in talking to him, it may cauſe ſuſpicion.

Betty. Never fear it, Miſs——I'll be as mute as a fiſh, but pray didn't you ſee 'Squire Cateſby?

Kitty. Yes, ſure, and have been tormented with him an hour. In the firſt place, he told me he came to ſee me up to the knees in mud—in the next place, he aſk'd me if I had learn'd my catechiſm: ſaid I talk'd rarely, and had a breath as ſweet as a honey-ſuckle—that he's an honeſt man, I don't doubt—as for his riches, I am not, nor do I deſire to be acquainted with—but of this I'm ſenſible, that he's better acquainted with hay-making, than with Ovid's art of love. That he's fitter to be my father than my huſband, and that ——

Betty. Say no more—that very inſtance has force enough in it, to convince me of his inſufficiency. But huſh, ſome one knocks—it's the doctor I'm almoſt ſure.

Kitty. Now mind, my dear Betty, and don't betray us.

Betty. No, Lord forbid I ſhould, miſs Kitty; why it would be worſe than murder.

HARD *opens the door; enter the Doctor diſguiſed, as 'Squire* CATESBY'S *couſin.*

Doctor. Your ſervant, ſir, what is couſin James gone home yet?

Hard. 'Squire Cateſby I ſuppoſe, ſir—yes, he's gone home

home an hour ago. Would you please to walk in sir, and spend an hour or two; or stay all night, it's too late now to ride fourteen miles.

Betty. What cloaths would you please to have put up for your journey to-morrow.

Hard. Kitty'll tell you what to put up; and do you hear, put up twelve bottles of christmas ale, and a couple of bottles of Lisbon.

Doctor. Why, if I'm not mistaken, you are the gentleman that's to come and stay with cousin Catesby, and that young woman there.

Hard. Yes, sir, me and my daughter propose going there in the morning. You've not seen my daughter yet; Betty tell Kitty to come into the hall—what does she sit there by herself for. Your name is Joseph, I presume sir; I heard the 'Squire mention it; and at the same time was pleased to speak very much to your advantage.

Enter KITTY.

Hard. This is she, sir; come this way, my dear, this is 'Squire Catesby's cousin.

Doctor. Ads flesh; but well done James; come hither, my pipin: by the awns but cousin Catesby has none such a bad notion of things, neither.

Betty. [*To Kitty aside*] Lord bless him how rarely he acts it.

Doctor. Come, my little merry-gold, with 'Squire Catesby's leave, and let's have a buss (O ambrosial nectar!) [*aside.*

Kitty. [*seeming to frown.*] I think you might have ask'd me as well as Mr. Catesby.

Hard. Come, come, Kitty, don't be cross, I wish thou may never have a worse husband than Mr. Joseph there.

Kitty.

Kitty. I dare ſay I ſhall have as good as he.

Doctor. Ay, and may hap no better, e'cod.

Hard. Aye: but if thou had that flirt of a Doctor now, how finely thou had been off with his ſcholarſhip, and his good temper, and the pox know what —a firrups take all ſuch puppies, I ſay. [*Doctor aſide*] O! diſtraction.

Doctor. Why I ſuppoſe that was miſs's ſweetheart, that doctor, eh ſur.

Hard. He would have been I believe, had he met with encouragement, but I never ſaw him ſince I ſet Jowler at him the other night.

Doctor. Did the cur bite him, ſur, or did it but freeten him.

Hard. Why, ſir, it would have bit him, but the raſcal drew his ſword and kill'd the poor thing.

Doctor. O! beauty, beauty, how does thou force me to be ſtill. (*aſide*.)

Hard. Is ſupper almoſt ready, Betty.

Betty. Yes, ſir, it waits on you in the back parlour.

Hard. Well, Kitty, do you keep Mr. Joſeph company, while I go and ſee what Matty has furniſhed us with for ſupper. (*Exit*.

Doctor. O! my charming creature, my beauteous Kitty, what a diſguiſe am I in; transformed in an hour from Thomas Free to Joe Cateſby.

Kitty. The transformation is droll enough; I ſuppoſe Mr. Joſeph you have exchanged your ſurgeons inſtruments for a rake and a ſhovel.

Doctor. Nay, pray thee, my deareſt, don't mock me. Sings. *For by ſtratagems many exploits are perform'd,*
By ſtratagems many ſtrong caſtles are ſtorm'd,
But if woman, dear woman, ſhould draw out the plan,
He's no ſoldier that won't make a breach if he can.

Betty.

Betty. Lord, hold your tongues, I proteſt I've been obliged to keep ratling the pewter diſhes about, to keep my maſter from hearing you, he's only in the back parlour, and has ſent for you to ſupper; and he deſires you, miſs, to ſhew maſter Joſeph the way in.

Kitty. Well, ſir, don't derogate from your profeſſion—Betty will let you know when opportunity ſuits for our eſcape.

Doctor. My dear life I'm entirely at your diſpoſal; and as we ſhall not have an opportunity of any intercourſe with each other, let Thomas Free take this freedom, *(kiſſes her)* before he has the mortification of being called Joſeph Cateſby.

Kitty. *(in a pretty loud voice)* Well, maſter Joſeph will you walk in to ſupper?

ACT III.

SCENE a Public Houſe.

Enter BOB BLUFF, TOM BOWLIN, WILL, MOLL, NELL, *&c.*

Bob Bluff, *drunk.*

Mate. Come, come, maſter Robert drink heartily.

Bob Hartily, eye. by'th' blud will I---why, I had ne'er ſuch a taiſt i'this ward ---- londs yore hat, maiſter, and I'll look at my ſel i'th glaſs.---*Mate gives him his hat*——*Bob looks in the glaſs*; Ads fleſh I'm no more like Bob Bluff, than I'm like my fether's maſtiff dog Towſer. But pray naw, whot ſoart on a place is this Guiney; I've heard folks ſay, its a wickeder

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wickeder place than Lunnen, and that every Blackamoor has as many wives as he pleaſes; nay I was tond for certain, that th'king o'th blacks had as mony wenches as wou'd ſtond i'th cumpus of ſeven acres a graund; and if it be true, he muſt be a wacker e'cod.

Mate. Why, Maſter Robert, in Guiney you have every thing you could wiſh for. If you want money, Guiney's the place of its reſidence, for where do we get gold at, but at the Gold Coaſt. [Mate *ſhewing a purſe of gold*] See here, my boy, what Guiney produces; guineas, moidores, piſtoles, and ſix and thirty ſhilling pieces, you young rogue you.

Bob. Bleſs my heart; why but there's money enough to buy a farm: but I ſuppoſe you've work'd hard enough for it, Mr. Captain.

Mate. Work, what in Guiney----no, no, nothing to do there, but to lay your head on the knee of a delicate ſoft wench, while ſhe plays with your hair; and when we've got as much money as we want, away we go to Jamaica, and get mahogany to make cheſts to hold our money in; while rivers of rum, hills of ſugar, and cluſters of limes, makes drink for emperors——who wou'dn't go to guiney.

Bob. Aye, who wou'd not go to Guiney.

Nell. Indeed Captain you've given a very good character of the place.

Bob. Aye, indeed has he's Miſtreſs; and I'd have you to go too, for there's juſtice Joyce, that lives cloſe to my father's, has been there; and all the folks about us ſays, that he's worth as much as our barn wou'd houd.

Nelly. No Maſter Bluff, I would not go to purchaſe a ſum of twice the value.

Bob.

Bob. No --why, I ſuppoſe youer, afeard, Eh! my little jilliver; bleſſing on your red cheeks; they looken juſt like mellow peaches; let's have a ſmack at 'um. [*goes to kiſs her.*

Nelly. Stand off you calf you; or I'll ſlap your chops for you.

Bob. Aye, indeed Miſtreſs, will you ſo----By lady yore as praud, as if you was th' Captain's wife; but haply I may be as praud as yo in time.

Will. Aye my lad, that you will never fear; here put on theſe trowſers and jackets, and never mind them. Bob *puts them on.*

SINGS.

Ad zouks what will our wenches ſay,
To ſee me in trowſers and jackets;
Our Moll now as ſure as the day,
Will make a moſt dammable racket.
Poor wench I'm afraid'll run craz'd,
And make a moſt terrible pother;
But I think that I ought to be prais'd,
For making her into a mother.

[*Exit* Sailors &c.

SCENE HARD's *Houſe.*

Enter DOCTOR, *and* BETTY.

DOCTOR *ſings under* KITTY's *Window.*

Hark the clock hath ſtruck one,
'Tis high time to be gone,
Then pri'thee don't triſle, my dear.

KITTY

What a noiſe do you make,
My Papa you'll awake,
And we are undone if he hear.

Betty.

Betty. Miſs will be down ſtairs immediately, ſir.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Well, Mr. Free, I ſee you are reſolv'd to be a ſecond Quixot. But pray where is your Roſinante.

Doctor. Waiting only for my Dulcinea.

Enter JACK RATLIN.

Jack Ratlin. The Horſes are at the upper end of the town, ſir,

Doctor. This, my dear, is my man, how do you like his livery, jackets and trowſers.

Kitty. Jackets and trowſers fac'd with honeſty, in my opinion is as becoming as blue and gold.

Doctor. That's very true, my dear, yet you ſee what an averſion your father has to ſeafaring people. The other day he ſet the great dog at me, when he heard that I follow'd the ſea; but you ſee how differently I was uſed laſt night under the title of Joſeph Cateſby; but come my dear, repeal over old grievances; your father's obduracy is more than ſoften'd by the affability and tender diſpoſition of his lovely daughter.

AIR 10th.

But come, my dear creature, let's haſten away
Hark the cock now proclaims the approach of the day.

KITTY.

Well come it's too late for to anſwer you no,
Pray ſhew me the way you would have me to go.

SCENE *a* Priſon.

Enter PETER PIPE, *and* JOE CHISSEL.

PIPE ſings.

A priſon is all the wide world,
And the great Turnkey is death.
From bondage to bondage we'er hurl'd,
Until he deprives of breath.
The greateſt of kings is a ſlave,
Till from death he gets his diſcharge:
His ſubjects take him to his grave,
And then he's a priſoner a large.

Come, come Joe, don't let you heart be caſt down for two or three days ſoul wind?—— what the devil, we that have ſtood ſo many engagements together, to be diſcouraged becauſe it is ebb-tide with our pockets; zounds man, never fear thou ſhall ſee me pipe all hands to quarters yet, more vigour than ever a meſſmate. What do you think of ſeeing me cut off a Frenchman's arm, and beat him with the bloody end of it; why man, we ſhall not always be in priſon; no dam'me I'll go to Guiney firſt, and ſtay there till I'm as dry as a ſtockfiſh.

Chiſſel. Nay, nay, boatſwain Pipe, that wou'd be worſe than being in priſon; there's an old acquaintance of mine that's juſt come from Guinea, tells me that Captain Pinch has made a large mortis hole in poor Will Wedge's head; and becauſe the poor fellow was a little vex'd, and call'd Pince a raſcal, he gouged his left eye out, and made the poor fellow take his turn at the helm, tho' he'd loſt one of his top-

top-lights. But here comes captain Sharp, I ſuppoſe, with ſailing orders from our landlady.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Well, my lads, Mrs. Cobweb and I have agreed to releaſe you out of goal, provided you are willing to go to Africa; I juſt want two officers, a boatſwain and carpenter.

Pipe. Why, ſir, I believe we ſhall anſwer your purpoſe; here's my old meſſmate Chiſſel is as good a carpenter as e'er drove a wedge or bor'd an auger hole, and as for me, tho' I'm poor Peter Pipe and a priſoner, I've been boatſwain and quarter maſter on board five of his Majeſty's ſhips; I was boatſwain on board the Ramillies when ſhe was loſt; I was fourteen hours and thee quarters in the water after ſhe ſtruck; I was blown up in the Prince George; run on ſhore at Martinique, in the reaſonable; on board the Monmouth when ſhe took the Fondriant; that was one of the hardeſt engagements ever I ſaw: for do you ſee, Sir, our Doctor went down into the cockpit to take off my old meſſmate Tarbucket's leg, but has as he was going to take it off, we received a chain-ſhot between wind and water, took off poor Tarbucket's head, ſtruck the Doctor juſt under his fore-foot, and ſtove his bows in. Before I heard the news, we had five foot water in her hold, but as ſoon as I heard, down I runs, whips up the fellows head, rams it in the hole, ſtops the leak, ſets the chain pumps a work, and frees her. By this time all our ſhot was done, and I, do you ſee, unbethought me of the Doctor's inſtruments, for as the doctor was dead, what the devil buſineſs had we with inſtruments; ſo as I ſaid, I ram'd them in a lower decker that I was quartered at, and ſent them to cut off legs and arms on board monſieur, that was the laſt ſhot we fir'd, for

ſhe immediately ſtruck; then Joe Chiſſel here ſet to work, Joe made wooden legs for all the lame people, and poor Pledget dreſs'd the wounded, I have got my old meſſmate's will and power in my pocket.

The laſt WILL and TESTAMENT of TIMOTHY TARBUCKET.

I Timothy Tarbucket of the town of *Liverpool*, in the county of Lancaſter; having been put in mind by the fate of my old meſſmate Sam Swab, who died accidentally by cutting his own throat for the love of Jenny Jilt: and as the beſt of pilots may (and often do) founder on thoſe beautiful rocks of Venus; ſo am I warn'd by my old unfortunate ſhipmate Sam Swab, to draw out the different courſes I would have my friends and ſhipmates ſteer, while the water of my memory is calm and ſmooth, and while I am ſteer'd by the rudder of reaſon, for fear that in ſome hard gale or other, my ſoul ſhould fly out of the bolt-rope, or my body be rak'd fore and aft with bullets of mercury, as daily are flying from Apothecaries ſhops: I ſay, in caſe any of theſe things ſhould ſo happen, I diſpoſe of all my ſails, rigging, *&c.* as follows.—Viz. Firſt of all, let my hull or carcaſe be ſew'd up in a good double hammock, with ſome ſtrong tar twine; let me have on my old Dutch cap, my ſtrong duck trowſers and fear nothing jacket; that if I ſhould chance to meet with any ſharks in my paſſage to the bottom, they may find me ſo well fortified, as not to attempt boarding me. My rigging, conſiſting of one great coat, two pair trowſers and thee ſhirts, I give and bequeath to my old meſſmate Peter Pipe, inſiſting that he will take care of them, eſpecially the ſhirts as they are wriſtbanded by Nelly Nettle, for which piece

of

of ſervice, I leave the ſaid Nelly Nettle my watch and buckles: and conſidering her as a leaky veſſel, neither wind nor water tight, I likewiſe give her twenty ſeven ſhillings in money, with my particular orders that ſhe goes along ſide the hulk, and get's hove down and ſcrubb'd. I likewiſe deſire my meſſmate Joe Jibb to ſee theſe my laſt ſailing orders perform'd, and do for his trouble leave him my tobacco pouch, made out of the ſeal ſkin, that he and I catch'd the laſt time we were in Greenland together; whatever elſe belongs to me, I do deſire that it may be diſpos'd of at the Maſt, and the money may buy rum for all hands to drink, ſo that we may not part with dry lips. It is furthermore my will, that whoſoever ſews me up in my hammock do not as is uſual, run the needle through my noſe, ſo that I may call all hands, without ſnaffling, in the next world, ſhould there be occaſion. If the chaplain will accept of a bottle of rum at my funeral, let him have it. But ſhould I receive a ſhot between wind and water, or be rak'd fore and aft, which may hinder my ſailing any longer on my own bottom; it is my will that thoſe experimental ſcoundrels of doctors do not probe or caulk up my ſeams again. As ſoon as I'm launch'd over the ſide, let all hands give three cheers, and let ev'ry wellwiſher to poor Tarbucket, drink a pint of good ſtiff grog, to ſet up the rigging of their hearts, while my old meſſmate, Peter Pipe, ſings, *How little do the landmen know*, in memory of his old ſhipmate; and this I ſwear, by the ſheet anchors of the Royal George, is my laſt ſailing orders; and if any ſailor, ſoldier, landman, or lubbard, ſhall break any of theſe my deſires, many they be at ſhort allowance in this world, and walk upon broken glaſs bottles in the next.

Dated on board the Thunder bomb, June 24, 1763.

TIMOTHY TARBUCKET.

SCENE, HARD's Houſe.

Enter HARD *and* MATTY.

Hard. Gone, do you ſay; what time? which way did they go? Betty, Betty I ſay, didn't you know of this; a pox on you altogether; —Robin, you Robin I ſay.—

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Here, ſir, here an't pleaſe your honour.

Hard. Saddle white-face directly, and go to 'Squire Cateſby's, and let him know that his villain of a couſin had run away with Kitty, and tell him—

Matty. Dear me, ſir, it was no other than the Doctor I'll aſſure you; for this morning when I got up I found his fuſtian frock, that he had on laſt night, with a book in the pocket, and there was Thomas Free, Doctor, writ in it; for I ſhew'd it to James Thick, and he open'd it, and ſaid there was a Greek word written in it, and ſee here it is, an pleaſe your honour. [*Hard opens and finds Kitty's letter*, reads, *to Doctor Thomas Free*; O Lord, O Lord, this is Kitty's writing]

Sir,

"*Tomorrow morning is my father determined to carry* "*me to 'Squire Cateſby's.*"

I ſay Robin load my fowling-piece directly, and put ſeven muſket balls in it, for do you hear Robin, the villain had ſeven ſenſes, or he could not have been ſo cunning [*reads*] "*with what intention the bearer will inform you*" Betty, aye, it muſt be Betty. Robin, the horſe whip, Robin—Matty lock the parlour, door.

Enter ROBIN *with the whip*

Hard. [*Takes the whip in his hand*] Go out Robin, and leave me and this impudent jade by ourſelves.

[*Exit* Robin.

Betty.

Betty. [*trembling*] O dear me, ſir, what is that whip for, ſir; I don't know any thing about it ſir, not a ſyllable---no, I'm willing to be try'd by old Margery the fortune-teller if I do.

HARD *ſings.*

Come hither, you jade, and confeſs now this minute,
For I plainly perceive that you had a hand in it,
And of their intention you very well knew;
Say, how came my daughter to give me the ſlip?
Speak the truth, or depend on a laſh of my whip,
You knew of the project, ſo don't it deny;
By the maſs, if I find that you tell me a lie;
This is the thing that ſhall make you tell true.
[*ſmacks his whip.*]

Betty. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, ſtop a little bit, and I'll tell you every individual thing.

Hard. Well, come, tell me directly, 'ſfleſh they'll be married, and my child be ruined forever.

Betty. O dear me, aye, that ſhe will.

Hard. [*lifting up his whip*] Tell me this inſtant, I ſay.

Betty. Dear me, what muſt I ſay, or tell you; I know of nothing as I'm an honeſt woman.

Hard. [*giving here a laſh*] Honeſt, I'll put your honeſty to a tryal; take you that you huſſy you.

Betty. Bleſs your honour, ſoftly ſir, and I'll tell your honour.

Hard. Well, where are they gone to, and when did they go, and what are they gone for to do; ſpeak directly—you ſlut you.

Betty. why, ſir, they went, let me ſee, they went laſt night, or early this morning---oh, why they went

to the Church, I ſuppoſe, they went there to be married; and if this isn't true, I'll be try'd by all the law in England.

(*Exit* KITTY *and* HARD.

SCENE.

Enter WHIFF, O'FEGAN, JACK, WILL, TOM, JOE, MOLLY, NELLY, SUE, *&c.*

Whiff. Come, my lads, what you have to ſay, ſay at once, for the flood tide is done, and I expect Captain Sharp here every minute.

Joe Jibb. [*drinks*] Well, Sue my dear, you'll make yourſelf eaſy, and be aſſur'd that while my name is Joe Jibb, I'll never forget you; and here Sue, do you ſee, here's my watch, and buckles, and be ſure take care of Dickey, for if he lives he'll be a Boatſwain of a firſt rate, I'll be bound for him.

Will. kiſſes Nelly *and drinks*] Come Nell here, fortune purſue thee, thou draws but five foot water, maſt heads and all, and if thou gets a ground, it will be thy own fault: here's a ſeven and twenty for thee, and Mrs. Cobweb will let thee have any thing thou wants, till I'm within gunſhot of you, ſo luck and fortune attend you.

(*Kiſſes her and ſings*)

1 *Adieu my dear Nell, I muſt bid thee farewell,*
Our ſnow at the Rock lies unmoor'd;
I would willingly ſtay till ſhe's got under way,
But I'm order'd directly on board.
2 *Then ſince it is ſo, it's in vain to ſay no,*
Or to mourn the decree of our fate;
In twelve months, my dear, I'll return never fear,
And the long-wiſh'd for pleaſure compleat.

3 Shou'd

3 *Shou'd a land lubbard dare to attack thee, my dear,*
Or thy conſtancy ſtrive for to mov;
I'll make the dog own, when that I return,
What it is to abuſe a poor tar.
4 *But the ebb tide does make, and our anchor's a peak,*
No longer, my dear, can I ſtay,
Then give me a kiſs, or exchange it for this,
For exchange is not robb'ry they ſay.

NELL.

Dear Will, ne'er think me ſo unkind,
As for to be untrue;
Had I the choice of all mankind,
Dear Will, I'd fix on you.

Enter Captain. *Sings.*

Come brother tars and no langer delay,
The ebb-tide has made, and our anchor's away;
Our top-ſails are looſe and the veſſel's unmoor'd,
So toſs off your cans, and let's haſten on board.

CHORUS.

Here's ſucceſs to King George, our commander in chief,
And long may he reign,, Britiſh laws to maintain,
May he live to defend our freedom and beef.
Here's ſucceſs, &c. *Exit.*

Enter HARD, DOCTOR, *and* KITTY.

DOCTOR *ſings.*

Was there e'er ſuch a ſquall about nothing at all,
But I know that ſuch things are quite common,
To breed ſuch a riot and diſturb our own quiet,
About the dear trifle, a woman.

Hard. Woman sir, what my daughter a woman sir, hark ye Kitt, if I find you've given way to this fop, I'll never own you, I'll cut you off with a shilling, I'll have you, zounds I'd rather have married you to my groom; so out of my house, or disown him forever.

KITTY *kneels.*

Dear, dear papa, ben't so severe,
Nor let me be exil'd;
But oh! your once lov'd KITTY *spare,*
Oh! spare your only child.

Hard. Aye, but consider, Kitt, the difference between a 'Squire and a Doctor.

DOCTOR.

Kind heaven at first mankind did frame,
Alike of flesh and blood;
The King and beggar were the same,
He no distinction shew'd,
Till mankind did these laws forsake,
And vainly did aspire;
'Twas man that did the difference make,
'Tween the Doctor and the 'Squire.

Hard. By my word, but he speaks a little to the purpose, [*Aside*] such another Song at that wou'd unman me.

KITTY.

What inward pain must Kitty feel,
If that you will not give,
The pardon, now, for which I kneel,
I cannot, cannot live.

Hard. *raising her up.*

Come to my Arms, Kitt, thou'st been a sensible wench from my cradle; and do you see, Sir,

Joining their hands.

I give you my daughter and 200l. a year to live upon; and as I've almoſt perform'd the laſt ſcene on the ſtage of life, ſo you may expect all I leave at my death.

DOCTOR *ſings.*

May thus each conſtant happy ſwain,
Like me for e'er his nymph enjoy,
And may the fair ne'er give him pain,
By being over nice and coy.

KITTY.

Be warn'd by me, each Britiſh fair,
Should you from daddy's orders rove;
Down on your knees, let drop a tear,
And ſtraight you will regain his love.

Sailor. Aye, aye, will you ſo; then I find you carry water ſpouts in your eyes to drown your father's ſenſes with, do you Miſs; oh! woman, woman, what a compoſition art thou, fire and water——But come, come, its no making ſail now, Doctor; you've grapled her, and ſhe's ſtruck, and ſo you've nothing to do but to board her, the plunder's all your own; but I'll be bound ſhe makes you pay duty for it notwithſtanding.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

Spoken in the CHARACTER *of a* SAILOR.

WAS ever veſſel half ſo ſtrongly man'd?
The people are as thick as they can ſtand;
But what appears to me as ſomething new,
The ſhip's not only man'd but woman'd too.
'Tis a firſt rate, and only juſt arriv'd,
At leaſt it ſeems ſo for each man is wiv'd.
Avaſt, let's have a little nearer view,
'Zoſe, each man's got a wife, and ſome has two.
I'll take a drink, and then I will advance
Among the croud, and ſtrive to get a chance;
But ſtop, let's look out for the prettieſt face,
In my opinion up aloft's the place.
But what occaſion's there aloft to go,
While there's ſo many beauties here below;
Let's count how many, there's one, two, three, four,
By Jove I cannot count the beauties o'er:
Here's great and ſmall, good temper'd, free and kind,
Some brac'd up ſharp, and ſome before the wind.
Well might we Britons, 'gainſt the Spaniards fight,
For to defend ſo beautiful a ſight,
As do appear in Drury Lane to night.
O happy theatre, happy Drury Lane,
In you there's charms to conquer France and Spain.

FINIS.